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# Saturday Review

## SEX, DRUGS AND THE CIA

The Shocking Search for an "Ultimate Weapon"



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# SEX, DRUGS AND THE CIA

## The Shocking Search for an "Ultimate Weapon"

by John Marks



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Richard Helms, Sidney Gottlieb, Allen Dulles—Architects of the CIA's covert drug-testing program

*The CIA's venture into control of human behavior—a systematic program of testing LSD on unwitting Americans—began some two decades ago; nevertheless, it remained buried in the agency's secrecy system until the Rockefeller Commission and the Church Committee unearthed its general outlines in 1975. The news stories and headlines about these revelations, however, failed to satisfy freelance reporter John Marks; and he began a three-year search for the details that would flesh out the tale surrounding the CIA's mind-control programs. Through the Freedom of Information Act, he turned up some 16,000 pages of CIA documents, most of which agency officials had not furnished to executive-branch or Senate investigators; and he continued by interviewing numerous people directly involved. Many of the CIA's secrets, he says, will always be effectively protected by some agency officers. But Marks himself succeeded in penetrating the shadowy intrigue that cloaked CIA testing of mind-altering drugs. The story he was able to piece together is presented here.*

**F**OR BETTER OR WORSE, LSD came to America in 1949, when the counterculture generation that the drug eventually symbolized was not even out of the nursery. At the time, the CIA and the military intelligence agencies were just setting out on their quest for drugs and other exotic methods to take possession of people's minds. The ancient desire to control enemies through magical spells and potions had come alive again, and several offices within the CIA competed to become the head controllers.

The agency's Technical Services Staff (TSS) was one of these offices; at the time, it was officially meant to be investigating the use of chemical and biological warfare (CBW) in covert operations. TSS was the linear descendant of the Research and Development unit of America's World War II spy agency, the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), and its specialists furnished back-up equipment for secret operations: false papers,

bugs, tapes, suicide pills, explosive sea shells, transmitters hidden in false teeth, cameras in tobacco pouches, invisible inks, and the like. In later years, these gadget wizards from TSS would become known for supplying some of history's more ridiculous landmarks, such as Howard Hunt's ill-fitting red wig, but in the early days of the CIA, they gave promise of transforming the spy world.

Within TSS, there existed a chemical division with functions that few others, even in TSS, knew about. These functions concerned the use of chemicals (and germs) against specific people. From 1951 to 1956, the year when the CIA's interest in LSD peaked, Sidney Gottlieb, a native of the Bronx with a Ph.D. in chemistry from Cal Tech, headed this division. Only 33 years old when he took over the Chemical Division, Gottlieb had nonetheless gained the respect of his colleagues, who described him as willing to carry out, as one ex-associate puts it, "the tough things that had to be done."

At the top ranks of the Clandestine Services (officially called the Directorate of Operations, but popularly known as the "dirty tricks" department) Sid Gottlieb had a champion who appreciated his qualities—Richard Helms. For two decades, Gottlieb would move to progressively higher positions in the wake of Helms's climb to the highest position in the agency. Gottlieb was loyal, and he followed orders. Although many people lay in the chain of command between the two men, Helms preferred to avoid bureaucratic niceties and deal directly with Gottlieb.

On April 3, 1953, Helms proposed to CIA Director Allen Dulles that the agency set up a program under Gottlieb for "covert use of biological and chemical materials." Helms made clear that the agency could use these materials in "present and future clandestine operations" and added that the capabilities acquired would "enable us to defend ourselves against a foe who might not be as restrained in the use of

these techniques as we are." Once again, as it would throughout the history of the behavioral programs, defense justified offense.

On April 13, 1953, Allen Dulles approved the program, essentially as put forth by Helms. Dulles took note of the "ultra-sensitive work" involved and agreed that the project would be called MKULTRA. He approved an initial budget of \$300,000, exempted the program from normal CIA financial controls, and allowed TSS to start up research projects "without the signing of the usual contracts."

In the early days of MKULTRA, the roughly six TSS professionals who worked on the program spent a good deal of their time considering the various possible uses of LSD. "The most fascinating thing about it," says one of them, "was that such minute quantities had such a terrific effect. We thought about the possibility of putting some in a city water supply and having the citizens wander around in a more or less happy state, not terribly interested in defending themselves," recalls the TSS specialist. But incapacitating such large num-

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### **Operatives occasionally lost an unwitting test subject in a crowd—thereby sending a stranger off alone with a head full of LSD.**

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bers of people fell to the Army Chemical Corps, which also tested LSD. The CIA was concentrating on individuals.

Nonetheless, the leaders of MKULTRA had high hopes for the potential effects of LSD even when limited to a single person. It appeared to be an awesome substance, whose advent, like the ancient discovery of fire, would bring out primitive responses of fear and worship in people. Only a speck of LSD could take a strong-willed man and turn his most basic perceptions into willowy shadows—time, space, right, wrong, order, and the notion of what was possible all took on new faces. LSD was a scary weapon, and it took a swashbuckling boldness for the leaders of MKULTRA to prepare for operational testing the way they first did: by taking it themselves. They tripped at the office. They tripped at "safe-houses"—apartments the agency set up for the purpose. Sometimes they tripped at America's most famous universities and hospitals, where covert CIA funds supported LSD research. Always, they observed, questioned, and analyzed each other. LSD seemed to remove inhibitions, and they thought they could use it to find out what went on in the mind underneath all the outside acts and pretensions. If they could get at the inner self, they reasoned, they could all the better manipulate the person—or keep him from being manipulated by others.

The men from MKULTRA were trying LSD in the early 1950s—when Stalin lived and Joe McCarthy raged. It was a foreboding time, even for those not professionally responsible for doomsday poisons. Not surprisingly, Sid Gottlieb and his colleagues who tried LSD did not think of the drug as something that might enhance creativity or cause transcendental experiences. An LSD trip made people temporarily crazy, which meant potentially vulnerable to the CIA (and mentally ill to the doctors). The CIA experimenters did not trip for the experience itself, or to get high, or to sample new realities. They were testing a weapon, and for their purposes they might as well have been in a ballistics lab.

They decided to spring it on each other without warning. They agreed among themselves that a co-worker might slip it to them at any time. Unwitting doses became an occupational hazard. In retrospect, it seems more than bizarre that CIA

officials—men responsible for the nation's intelligence and alertness when the hot and cold wars against the communists were at their peak—would be sneaking LSD into each other's coffee cups and thereby subjecting themselves to the unknown frontiers of experimental drugs. But these side trips did not seem to change the sense of reality of Gottlieb or some of his superiors, who took LSD on several occasions. The drug did not transform Gottlieb out of the mind-set of a master scientist-spy, a protégé of Richard Helms in the CIA's inner circle.

Only six months after Allen Dulles had formally created MKULTRA, TSS officials were ready for the last stage of their research: systematic use of LSD on "outsiders" who had no idea they were receiving a dose of the drug. These victims simply felt their moorings slip away in the midst of an ordinary day, for no apparent reason, and no one really knew how they would react.

In November, 1953, Sid Gottlieb decided to try LSD on a group of scientists from the Army Chemical Corps's Special Operation Division at Fort Detrick in Frederick, Maryland. He ignored a twice-delivered order that required special permission for the use of LSD, and slipped some into the scientists' after-dinner drinks.

The dose pushed one of its victims—Frank Olson—into a psychotic confusion; several days after his surprise trip, Olson leapt to his death from a hotel window. His family did not find out about either the LSD or the CIA's involvement until 1975, when they read a newspaper account of the Rockefeller Commission's report of the incident. At the time of his death, Olson's wife was told only that Frank "had jumped or fallen" from the window. Nevertheless, the CIA officially—if secretly—took the position that the LSD had "triggered" Olson's suicide.

Frank Olson's death could have been a major setback for



*Frank Olson—CIA fatality*

the agency's LSD testing, but the program, like Sid Gottlieb's career, emerged essentially unscathed. High CIA officials did call a temporary halt to all experiments while they investigated the Olson case and re-examined the general policy; but in the end, the agency adopted the view Richard Helms put forth—that the only "operationally realistic" way to test drugs was to try them on unwitting people. Helms noted that experiments that gave advance warning would be

"pro forma at best and result in a false sense of accomplishment and readiness." For Allen Dulles and his top aides, the possible importance of LSD clearly outweighed the risks and ethical problem of slipping the drug to involuntary subjects. Once the CIA's top echelon had made its decision to continue unwitting testing, there remained, in Richard Helms's words, "only the question of how best to do it." The agency's role in the Olson affair had come too perilously close to leaking out, so TSS officials simply had to work out a testing system with better cover. That meant finding subjects who could not be so easily traced back to the agency.

Gottlieb came up with a solution to the problem of finding subjects after reading through old files on the OSS search for a truth drug. Gottlieb noted that the OSS had used George White, a pre-war employee of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, to test concentrated marijuana. Besides trying the drug out on Manhattan Project volunteers and unknowing sus-

pected communists, White had slipped some to August Del Gracio, a Lucky Luciano lieutenant. White had called the experiment a great success. If it had not been—if Del Gracio had somehow caught on to the drugging—Gottlieb realized that the gangster would never have gone to the police or the press. His survival as a criminal required he remain quiet about even the worst indignities heaped upon him by government agents. To Gottlieb, underworld types looked like ideal test subjects. Nevertheless, according to one TSS source, "We were not about to fool around with the Mafia." Instead, this source says they chose "the borderline underworld"—prostitutes, drug addicts, and other small-timers who would be powerless to seek any sort of revenge if they ever found out what the CIA had done to them. In addition to being unlikely whistle-blowers, such people lived in a world where an unwitting dose of a drug, usually a knockout drop, was an occupational hazard anyway. They would therefore be better equipped to deal with—and recover from—a surprise LSD trip than the population as a whole, or so TSS officials rationalized. "They could at least say to themselves, 'Here I go again. I've been slipped a mickey,'" says a TSS veteran. Furthermore, this veteran remembers, his former colleagues reasoned that if they had to violate the civil rights of anyone, they might as well choose marginal people.

**G**EORGE WHITE HIMSELF had left OSS after the war and returned to the Narcotics Bureau. In 1952, he was working in the New York office. As a high-ranking narcotics agent, White had a perfect excuse to be around drugs and people who used them. He had proved that he had a talent for clandestine work, and he certainly had no qualms when it came to unwitting testing. With his job, he had access to all the possible subjects the agency would need, and if he could use LSD or any other drug to find out more about drug-trafficking, so much the better. From a security viewpoint, CIA officials could easily deny any connection to anything White did, and he clearly was not the crybaby type. For Sid Gottlieb, George White was clearly the one.

Gottlieb traveled to New York and made his pitch to the narcotics agent, who stood five feet seven inches, weighed over 200 pounds, shaved his head, and looked something like an extremely menacing bowling ball. After an early morning meeting, White scrawled in his sweat-stained, leather-bound diary for that day, June 9, 1952, "Gottlieb proposes I be a CIA consultant—I agree." By writing down such a thing and using Gottlieb's true name, White had broken CIA security regulations even before he started work, but then White was never known as a man who followed rules.

People either loved or hated George White, and he had made some powerful enemies, including New York Governor Thomas Dewey and J. Edgar Hoover. Dewey would later help block White from becoming the head of the Narcotics Bureau in New York City, a job White sorely wanted. For some forgotten reason, Hoover had managed to stop White from being hired by the CIA in the agency's early days. These were two of the biggest disappointments in White's life. His previous exclusion from the CIA may explain why he jumped so eagerly at Gottlieb's offer and why at the same time he privately heaped contempt on those who worked for the agency. A remarkably heavy drinker, who would sometimes finish off a bottle of gin in one sitting, White often mocked the CIA crowd over cocktails.

White lived with extreme personal contradictions. He was a law-enforcement official who regularly violated the law. Indeed, the CIA turned to him because of his willingness to use the power of his office to ride roughshod over the rights of others—in the name of "national security" when he tested LSD for the agency, in the name of stamping out drug abuse



*George White—A law enforcement officer who broke the law*

for the Narcotics Bureau. He was a man who truly believed that the end justified the means.

George White's pragmatic approach meshed perfectly with Sid Gottlieb's needs in the drug-testing field. In CIA jargon, White became MKULTRA subproject #3. Under this arrangement, he rented two adjacent Greenwich Village apartments, posing as the sometime artist and seaman, "Morgan Hall." White agreed to lure guinea pigs to the safehouse, slip them drugs, and report back the results to Gottlieb and the others in TSS. For its part, the CIA let the Narcotics Bureau use the place for undercover activities (and often, for personal pleasures) whenever no agency work was scheduled; the CIA paid all the bills, including the cost of keeping a well-stocked liquor cabinet—a substantial item for White. Gottlieb personally handed White the first \$4,000 to cover the initial costs of furnishing the safehouse in the lavish style to which White wished to become accustomed.

For his part, Gottlieb did not limit his interest to drugs. He and other TSS officials wanted to try out surveillance equipment. CIA technicians quickly installed see-through mirrors and microphones between the apartments, through which eavesdroppers could film, photograph, and record the action. "Things go wrong with listening devices and two-way mirrors, so you find out what works and what doesn't," says a TSS source. "If you are going to entrap, you've got to give the guy pictures (*flagrante delicto*) and voice recordings. Once you learn how to do it so that the whole thing looks comfortable, cozy, and safe, then you can transport the technology overseas." This TSS man notes that the techniques developed in the George White safehouse operation were later put to work in the bedrooms of Europe.

In the safehouse's first months, White tested LSD, several kinds of knockout drops, and that old OSS standby, essence of marijuana. He served the drugs in food, drink, and cigarettes and then tried to worm out information, usually on narcotics matters, from his "guests." Sometimes MKULTRA men came up from Washington to watch the action.

In early 1955, the Narcotics Bureau transferred White to San Francisco to become chief agent there. Happy with White's performance, Gottlieb decided to let him take the entire safehouse operation with him to the Coast. White

rented a suitable "pad" (as he always called it) on Telegraph Hill, with a stunning view of San Francisco Bay, the Golden Gate Bridge, and Alcatraz. To supplement the furniture he brought from the New York safehouse, he went out and bought items that gave the place the air of the brothel it was to become: Toulouse-Lautrec posters, a picture of a French can-can dancer, and photos of manacled women in black stockings. Four microphones disguised as electrical wall outlets were installed for bugging; they were hooked up to two tape recorders, which agents monitored in an adjacent "listening post." For his own personal "observation post," White had a portable toilet set up behind a two-way mirror, where he could watch the proceedings, usually with drink in hand.

**T**HE SAN FRANCISCO SAFEHOUSE specialized in prostitutes. George White was in charge of supplying the women; he, in turn, delegated much of the pimping function to one of his assistants, Ira "Ike" Feldman. A muscular but very short man, Feldman tried even harder than his boss to act tough. Dressed in suede shoes, a suit with flared trousers, a hat with a turned-up brim, and a huge zircon ring, Feldman first came to San Francisco on an undercover assignment posing as an East Coast mobster looking to make a big heroin buy. Using a drug-addicted prostitute named Janet Jones, whose common-law husband says that Feldman paid her off with heroin, the undercover man lured a number of suspected drug dealers to the pad and then helped George White make his arrests.

As the head federal narcotics agent in San Francisco, White was in a position to reward or punish a prostitute. White paid off the women with a fixed number of "chits." For each chit, White owed one favor. "So the next time the girl was arrested with a john," says an MKULTRA veteran, "she would give the cop George White's phone number. The police all knew White and cooperated with him without asking questions. They would release the girl if he said so."

TSS officials wanted to find out everything they could about applying sex to spying, and the prostitute project became a general learning and then training ground for CIA carnal operations. Says one TSS official, "We did quite a study of prostitutes and their behavior.... At first nobody really knew how to use them. How do you train them? How do you work them? How do you take a woman who is willing to use her body to get money and teach her to get things that are much more important—like state secrets?"

The TSS men continually tried to refine their knowledge. They soon discovered that the postsexual, light-up-a-cigarette period was best suited to their ulterior motives. Says a source, "Most men who go to prostitutes are prepared for the fact that (after the act) she'll want to get back on the street to make more money.... Finding a prostitute who is willing to stay is a shock; it has a tremendous effect on the guy. It's a boost to his ego if she's telling him she wants to stay for a few more hours.... Most of the time, he gets pretty vulnerable. What is he going to talk about? Not the sex; so he starts talking about his business. It's at this time she can lead him gently. But you have to train prostitutes to do that."

The men from MKULTRA learned a great deal about varying sexual preferences. "We didn't know in those days about hidden sadism and all that sort of stuff," says one of them. "We learned a lot about human nature in the bedroom. We started to pick up knowledge that could be used in operations, but we never figured out any way to use a lot of our findings operationally. It comes across now that somehow we were just playing around and we found all these exotic ways to waste the taxpayers' money on satisfying our hidden urges. I'm not saying that watching prostitutes was not exciting; but there was a purpose to the whole business."

As the TSS men learned more about the San Francisco hustlers, they ventured outside the safehouse to try various clandestine delivery gimmicks in such public places as restaurants, bars, and beaches. They practiced ways to slip LSD to citizens of the demimonde while buying them a drink or lighting up a cigarette, and then they tried to observe the effects when the drug took hold. Because MKULTRA scientists did not move smoothly among the kinds of people they were testing, they did on occasion lose an unwitting victim in a crowd—thereby sending a stranger off alone with a head full of LSD.

In a larger sense, *all* the test victims became lost. As a matter of policy, Sid Gottlieb ordered that virtually no records be kept. In 1973, when Gottlieb retired from the agency, he and Richard Helms agreed to destroy what they thought were the few existing documents on the program. Neither Gottlieb nor any other MKULTRA man has confessed to having given LSD to an unknowing subject, or even to observing such an experiment—except of course in the case of Frank Olson, whose death left behind a paper trail outside of Gottlieb's control. Otherwise, Gottlieb and his colleagues have put all the blame for actual testing on George White, who is not now alive to defend himself. One reason why the MKULTRA veterans have gone to such lengths to conceal

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**'Where else could a red-blooded American boy,' wrote White, 'lie, kill, cheat, steal, rape, and pillage with the blessing of the highest?'**

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their role is obvious: fear of lawsuits from victims claiming damaged health.

But at the time of the experiments, the subject's health was not a subject of concern. At the safehouse, where most of the testing took place, doctors were seldom present. Dr. James Hamilton, a Stanford Medical School psychiatrist and White's former OSS colleague, visited the place from time to time, apparently for studies connected to unwitting drug experiments and deviant sexual practices. Yet neither Hamilton nor any other doctor provided much medical supervision. George White could do no more than make surface observations of his drugged victims from his hidden viewpoint at the toilet—a monitoring situation that even a trained medical expert would have found less than adequate for spotting a potential overdose.

Besides LSD, which they knew could cause serious, if not fatal, problems, TSS officials gave White even more exotic experimental drugs to test, drugs that other agency contractors may or may not already have used on human subjects. "If we were so scared of a drug that we wouldn't try it out on ourselves," recalls a TSS source, "we sent it to San Francisco." According to one CIA document, "In a number of instances, the test subject has become ill for hours or days, needing hospitalization in at least one case, and [White] could follow up only by guarded inquiry after the test subject's return to normal life."

The whole program could have been compromised if an outside doctor made a "correct diagnosis of an illness." Thus, the MKULTRA team not only made some people ill but had a vested interest in keeping doctors from finding out what was really wrong.

Increasingly, TSS operatives used the safehouse to test drugs, in the words of the same report, "on individuals of all social levels, high and low, native American and foreign." After all, they were looking for an operational payoff, and

they knew that people reacted differently to LSD depending on factors that range from health and mood to personality structure. If TSS officials wanted to slip LSD to foreign leaders, as they contemplated doing to Fidel Castro, they would try to spring an unwitting dose on somebody as similar as possible. They used the safehouse for "dry runs" in the intermediate stage between the laboratory and actual operations.

For these dress rehearsals, George White and Ike Feldman enticed men to the apartment with prostitutes. An unsuspecting John would think he had purchased a night of pleasure and wind up zonked.

TSS officials found the San Francisco safehouse so successful that they opened two more testing sites, one in New York and a second under George White's auspices across the Golden Gate on the beach in Marin County. Unlike the downtown apartment, where an MKULTRA man says "you could bring people in for quickies after lunch," the suburban Marin County outlet proved useful for experiments that required relative isolation. There, TSS scientists tested such MKULTRA specialties as stink bombs, itching and sneezing powders, and diarrhea inducers. TSS's Ray Treichler, a Stanford chemist, sent these "harassment substances" out to California for testing by White, along with such delivery systems as a mechanical launcher that could throw a foul-smelling object 100 yards, glass ampules that could be stepped on in a crowd to release any of Treichler's powders, a hypodermic needle to inject drugs through the cork in a wine bottle, and a drug-coated swizzle stick.

TSS men also planned to use the Marin County safehouse for an ill-fated experiment that began when staff psychologists David Rhodes and Walter Pasternak spent a week circulating in bars, inviting strangers to a party. They wanted to spray LSD from an aerosol can on their guests, but according to Rhodes's senate testimony, "the weather defeated us." In the heat of the summer, they could not close the doors and windows long enough for the LSD to hang in the air and be breathed in. Sensing a botched operation, their MKULTRA colleague, John Gittinger (who brought the drug out from Washington) shut himself in the bathroom and let go with the spray. Rhodes testified that Gittinger nevertheless did not get high, and the men apparently scrubbed the party. Rhodes's 1977 testimony about this incident, which had been set up in advance with Senator Edward Kennedy's staff, brought on the inevitable "Gang That Couldn't Spray Straight" headline in the *Washington Post*. This approach turned the public perception of a deadly serious program into a kind of practical joke carried out badly by a bunch of bumbler.

**T**HE MKULTRA CREW CONTINUED unwitting testing until the summer of 1963, when the agency's new inspector general, John Earman, stumbled across the safehouses during a regular inspection of TSS activities. Much to the displeasure of Sid Gottlieb and Richard Helms, Earman questioned the propriety of the safehouses, and he insisted that the director at the time, John McCone, be given a full briefing. Although President Kennedy had put McCone in charge of the agency the year before, Helms—the professional's professional—had not bothered to tell his outsider boss about some of the CIA's most sensitive activities, including the safehouses. Faced with Earman's demands, Helms volunteered to tell McCone himself about the safehouses (rather than have Earman go in and present a negative view of the program). Sure enough, Helms told Earman afterward, McCone raised no objections to unwitting testing (as Helms had described it).

A determined man, Earman countered with a written report to McCone recommending the safehouses be closed. He cited the risks of exposure and pointed out that many people



Former CIA head John McCone

both inside and outside the agency found "the concepts involved in manipulating human behavior...to be distasteful and unethical." McCone reacted by suspending unwitting testing, but he put off a final decision. Over the next year, Helms, who then headed the Clandestine Services, wrote at least three memos urging resumption. He cited "indications...of an apparent Soviet aggressiveness in the field of covertly administered chemicals,"

and he claimed the CIA's "positive operational capacity to use drugs is diminishing owing to a lack of realistic testing." Helms was a master of telling different people different stories to suit his purposes. At the precise time he was raising the Soviet menace to scare McCone into letting the unwitting testing continue, he wrote the Warren Commission that Soviet behavioral research lagged five years behind the West.

McCone simply did nothing for two years. Nevertheless, his indecision had the effect of killing the program. TSS officials closed the San Francisco safehouse in 1965.

Years later in a personal letter to Sid Gottlieb, George White wrote an epitaph for his role in the program: "I was a very minor missionary, actually a heretic, but I toiled wholeheartedly in the vineyards because it was fun, fun, fun. Where else could a red-blooded American boy lie, kill, cheat, steal, rape, and pillage with the blessing of the all highest?"

After 10 years of unwitting testing, the men from MKULTRA apparently scored no breakthroughs with LSD. They had not given the CIA control over the human mind.

Gottlieb and his fellow searchers came frustratingly close to their goal—turning a man into a puppet—but always fell short of finding a reliable control mechanism. There was no doubt that LSD penetrated the innermost regions of the mind. It could set loose a whole gamut of feelings, from terror to insight. But in the end, the human psyche proved so complex that even the most skilled manipulator could not anticipate all the variables. He could use LSD and other drugs to chip away at free will. He could score temporary victories, and he could alter moods, perception—sometimes even beliefs. But ultimately he could not conquer the human spirit.

It took the men from MKULTRA a decade to find out about these operational shortcomings. In the process, they and their military intelligence counterparts established a near-monopoly on the supply of LSD in America. In fact, these spy agencies largely created and controlled the entire field of LSD research until the late 1950s. Volunteers who had tried LSD under government auspices at Harvard and other intellectual centers spread the word about the extraordinary drug that seemed to open up new levels of consciousness. A black market soon sprang up to satisfy the unofficial demand they created. The result was, to borrow some hyperbole from the musical *Hair*, "the youth of America on LSD." While the CIA does not deserve all the blame for this outcome, the fact remains that by spreading LSD across the country in the hope of finding ways to control human behavior, the agency played a key—however unintended—role in turning on the counterculture of the 1960s. America has not been the same since. ●

*John Marks is a freelance investigative reporter and author of The Search for the "Manchurian Candidate" (Times Books), from which this article has been excerpted.*

# 14 factors that could affect the performance of your next prescription.

Before you ask your pharmacist for a cheaper version of the medication prescribed by your doctor, consider.

In making the "same" drug, different companies may exercise different levels of skill and care. They formulate and manufacture the "same" product differently.

Change the inactive ingredients, compress the tablets too much, make any of a dozen other misjudgments, and the resulting product may cause problems. Yet it could look just like a well-made drug.

That's why it's vital to control factors like the few we've listed. To assure quality in every prescription drug, at every stage from research lab to pharmacy shelf.

PMA believes every company should be required to document the biological performance of its products

and identify the actual manufacturer on the package label. Because the manufacturer's competence is the key to quality.

To know you're getting a drug of assured quality at an acceptable price, ask your doctor and your pharmacist. These professionals know drugs. And they know drug companies from long experience.

They know that established firms—those with proven quality assurance programs—produce consistently reliable medicines. Such products sometimes cost a little more. But in drug therapy as in drug manufacturing, a saving at the expense of quality could be the worst kind of economy.

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